

Hints and Selections for Arbor Day.

State Superintendent Hon. Henry Sabin of Iowa, in his excellent Arbor Day leaflet, well says:

"Arbor day has two missions—one of tree planting and one of nature study. Wherever there is a barren, desolate piece of ground called 'the schoolhouse yard,' there its mission is to plant trees and shrubs; to care for them, and teach the children to love the trees they plant as one friend loves another. There are hundreds of such yards which need to be made beautiful and attractive to the children. Select a thrifty young tree, such as grows most luxuriantly in your section of the state, and ask some one who knows how to direct you in planting it. Interest the children in caring for it, that it may get well-rooted before the dry summer months come on. Every such tree planted by you, if it lives and grows, will prove a blessing to the district and State.

"The other mission of Arbor Day is broader and reaches out into the entire realm of nature. Its exercises should be such as in after years will awaken pleasant memories and recall the associations of a happy childhood. Nature is many sided. She reveals her beauties in a thousand varied forms. To lead the child 'to look from Nature to Nature's God' is the work of a teacher who himself knows her secret ways and her pleasant paths.

"The spirit of Arbor Day should remain throughout the year. The exercises should be made to minister to building the character of the child. Character is always fashioned after some ideal. This should be the tendency of Nature lessons, to form the right ideal of truth, reverence and worship, as well as of knowledge. If it is not, then the golden opportunity is lost."

Subjects for Essays: The Value of Trees; The Prettiest Evergreen; The Prettiest Deciduous Tree; How should Trees and Shrubs be Cared for after they are Planted; A Description of some Trees that Grow near the School Grounds; Well kept School Grounds show the Character of the Neighborhood; The White Birch; The Sugar Maple, etc.

RESPONSIVE RECITATION FOR NINE PUPILS.*First Pupil:*

Old Mistress Chestnut once lived in a burr,
Padded and lined with the softest of fur.
Jack Frost split it wide with his keen silver knife,
And tumbled her out at the risk of her life.

Second Pupil:

Here is Ben Almond, a grandee from Spain,
Some raisins from Malaga came in his train;
He has a twin brother a shade or two leaner,
When both come together we shout "Philopena!"

Third Pupil:

This is Sir Walnut; he's English, you know,
A friend of my Lady and Lord So-and-So.
Whenever you ask old Sir Walnut to dinner,
Be sure to have wine for the gouty old sinner.

Fourth Pupil:

Little Miss Peanut, from North Carolina—
She's not 'ristocratic, but no nut is finer.
Sometimes she is roasted and burned to a cinder.
In Georgia they call her Miss Goober, or Pinder.

Fifth Pupil:

Little Miss Hazelnut, in her best bonnet,
Is lovely enough to be put in a sonnet;
And young Mr. Filbert has journeyed from Kent
To ask her to marry him soon after Lent.

Sixth Pupil:

This is old Hickory, look at him well.
A general was named for him, so I've heard tell.
Take care how you hit him. He sometimes hits back!
This stolid old chap is a hard nut to crack.

Seventh Pupil:

Old Mr. Butternut, just from Brazil,
Is rugged and rough as the side of a hill;
But like many a countenance quite as ill-favored,
His covers a kernel deliciously flavored.

Eighth Pupil:

Here is a Southerner, graceful and slim;
In flavor no nut is equal to him.
Ha! Monsieur Pecan, you know what it means
To be served with black coffee in French New Orleans.

Ninth Pupil:

Dear little Chickapin, modest and neat—
Isn't she cunning, and isn't she sweet?
Her skin is as smooth as a little boy's chin,
And the squirrels all chatter of Miss Chickapin.

All:

And now, my dear children, I'm sure I've told
All the queer rhymes that a nutshell will hold,
—St. Nicholas.

Thank God for the Trees.

Children, thank God for these great trees,
That fan the land with every breeze,
Whose drooping branches form cool bowers,
Where you can spend the summer hours,
For these thank God.

For fragrant sweets of blossoms bright,
Whose beauty gives us such delight;
For the soft grass beneath your feet,
For the new mown hay and clover sweet,—
For all thank God.

—Selected.

Arbor Day.

Dear little tree that we plant today,
What will you be when we're old and gray?
"The savings bank of the squirrel and mouse,
For robin and wren an apartment house,
The dressing room of the butterfly's ball,
The locust and katydid's concert hall,
The schoolboy's ladder in pleasant June,
The schoolgirl's tent in the July noon
And my leaves shall whisper them merrily
A tale of the children who planted me."
—Youth's Companion.